Eng Poetry vol 87.

THE

YELLOW SASH,

OR,

H-----R BESHIT.

AN EXCELLENT

NEW BALLAD,

TO

The Old TUNE *of* LILLIBULLERO.

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The YELLOW SASH,

TO

The Old TUNE *of* LILLIBULLERO.

I.

YE *Dettingen* Heroes, regard what I ſay;
By *H----r*, *H----r* we are undone;
You like Dragons have fought, and drove Monſieur away,
That *H----* now may your Maſter become.
While H---, H----, England *and* H----,
Brunſwick *and* Zell, *are all govern'd by one*;
By Verden *and* Breemen, *both* Landmen *and* Seamen,
By H----, H----, *all are undone.*

Chorus.

II.

You at *Dettingen* thought to have humbled proud *France*,
By *H----*, *H----*, all was undone:
'Twas in vain Valliant STAIR bid the Cowards advance,
The *H------ns* away from the Danger did run.
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

III.

III.

The bold *Engliſh* call'd out who can now be affraid?
What a Queſtion to ILTON, then quaking for fear;
Who behind a great Tree, was then running full ſpeed,
Letting fly, as he went, a Diſcharge from his Rear.
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

IV.

ILTON's Saſh and his Breeches were all of an Hue;
The *H----* Colour, and truely its own;
Nor one Step wou'd he ſtir, while a Foe was in View,
So away all our ſhitten Auxiliaries run.
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

V.

Zounds is't not enough for our Country to fight,
But for *H----* too we muſt all be undone?
That Old STAIR muſt keep Danger from ILTON at ſhite,
That *England* muſt bleed, to let *H----* run.
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

VI.

VI.

Yet for theſe many Millions from *England* were told,
Good Lord! How by *H*---- we are undone!
Our Veins empted of Blood and our Pockets of Gold,
For theſe ſtinking Allies, who did nothing but run.
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

VII.

Now bold STAIR who's proud Soul valu'd Death not a Fart.
For his Fighting's diſgrac'd, and ſent empty away;
While the humble and meek, and the lowly of Heart,
Yellow ILTON's exalted for ſh--ting that Day!
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

VIII.

From the Blood, which the brave ſpend ſo freely in Fight,
The bold SCARLET hath *England* aſſum'd as her own;
While from that, I'll not Name, Cowards drop in their Fright,
Is the Colour peculiar to *H*---- known.
While H——, &c. *Chorus.*

IX.

IX.

Yet tho' *England* prevails with her conquering Red,
By the *H*---- Yellow herſelf is undone:
We for *H*---- only at *Dettingen* bled,
Who or'e us triumph'd moſt, when their yellow Tails run.

CHORUS.

While H----, H----, England *and* H----,
Brunſwick *and* Zell, *are all govern'd by one*;
By Verden *and* Bremen, *both* Landmen *and* Seamen,
By H---, H---, *all are undone.*

FINIS.